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THE SPIRIT



VOL. VI

DECEMBER, 1916

No. 1

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373
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1916
(Dec)



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1

THE TRUE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

"Peace on earth, good will toward men," was sung at the birth of Christ, and up to this day it stands as the real meaning of the Christmas spirit. But now many people seem to have lost the true spirit of Christmas, and think only of themselves, not of the joy they may give to others. Unselfish giving! What does it mean to you? It should mean joy, happiness, and the true spirit of Christmas of "Peace on earth, good will toward men".

Harriet Tilden, '19.

2

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

The true spirit of Christmas is an unseen presence, joy, a wonderful expansion of the heart, a sense of comradeship with everybody. It is that we give with love, and no pessimist can drive away that kind of Christmas from our hearts.

Goldie Jacobson, '19.

THE SPIRIT

VOL. 6

DECEMBER, 1916

NO. 1

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15c a single copy

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SUPPORT THE SPIRIT

Once again the Spirit is beginning a new year of publication. What is going to be the result? A grand success we all hope and why not? Isn't the Ames High School a good old institution? Look at the football teams it turn out, as good as any in the state for the size of the school. Since the Spirit is to represent the school what then can prevent its being a success? To a certain extent the answer lies with the staff, but it can do very little without the help of the whole student body. Surely in a school of this size, there are many students who have liter-

ary ability and artistic talent and the joke box should be overflowing with good, original jokes. Remember, let's have original ones. For the serious articles such as those for the student opinion column, news, and literary departments, a box will be placed in the front of the study hall. Help make this year the most successful in the history of the Spirit and our paper the best school paper in the state.

THE STUDENT OPINION COLUMN

I suppose the students who frequent the halls have heard numerous criticisms of the customs, conditions and organizations of our school.

The Student Opinion Column has for its purpose the bringing of these criticisms to the attention of those who can remove the cause of them. If there is anything you think could be improved in the "Spirit" as well as the other organizations of the school write an article for this column.

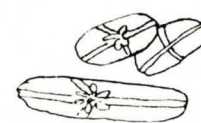
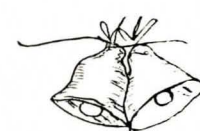
AN APPEAL

There are approximately seventy-five pupils who are in the habit of bringing their lunches and practically all of these are obliged to do so owing to the fact that they live too far to go home at noon. These seventy-five students are turned out into the hall at 12:15 with one-half hour in which to do nothing. Since a large number of these students really wish to study, and the hall is not even a good place in which to visit, one can readily see the injustice of this plan. After an unenjoyable lunch they are compelled to leave the study hall. And where do the pupils go? The greatest share of them go trooping off to "gad" the city streets. Is this the place for young people?

We admit and are sorry to confess that many articles of value have most mysteriously disappeared, which, supposedly, is the principal reason for the closing of the study hall and library at the end of the different sessions.

If it is not possible for us to have access to the study hall at noon, may we not be given another room? As the rest room is the only available room, the girls flock there by the dozens. This is wont to encourage the habit of loafing which is not at all desirable.

—"Dinner Pail Student"

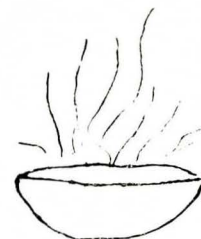
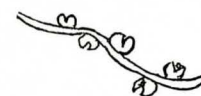


CHRISTMAS CHEER

Oh Christmas time is coming here
And Santa Claus is very near
With that fat pack
On his broad back
And oh the fun
When the pudding's done
And father will carve the roast,
And Tom and Ruth and little Meg
All boast that each will have a leg
But what will they all do
When there are only two?
And then big sister is caught by Joe
Under the lucky mistle-toe.

The sleigh bells jingle everywhere
And Christmas music is in the air.
Mysterious bundles hide here and there
Laid away with the best of care.
Oh! joyous Christmas time,
With its carol and its chime,
Is always welcome here
With its goodness and its cheer.

—Lydia Taylor, '17.



LITERARY

"NOT THEY WHO SOAR"

(Critical Review of the Poem)

The poem, "Not They Who Soar", is a poem of universal appeal, which was written by a famous colored poet, Paul Laurence Dunbar, as he was facing death from tuberculosis. In it is seen much of the author's character, for he was a sympathetic and optimistic man, who had known all "the toil that hugs the sod" and who, in his appreciation of the struggles of those who must labor always in humble positions, wrote this artistic and comforting poem.

In it he defines for us real heroes. The men who travel on well-smoothed paths and soar directly to a world of fame and ease are not heroes. These men have missed all humble toil, their progress is free and rare; they have never known want and cannot "smile upon defeated care". But heroes are they who have worked close to the soil and know want and care, but who have in spite of it, "plod their rugged way unhelped to God."

This is told in pleasing and musical verse, and contains many well-chosen words and good figures of speech. It arouses in the reader a sympathy for the humble working class of people who know no fame, and leaves him feeling pleasantly comforted and encouraged. The poem is quoted below:

Not they who soar but they who plod
Their rugged way, unhelped, to God
Are heroes; they who higher fare,
And, flying, fan the upper air,
Miss all the toil that hugs the sod.
'Tis they whose backs have felt the rod,
Whose feet have pressed the path unshod,
May smile upon defeated care,
Not they who soar.

High up there are no thorns to prod,
Nor boulders lurking 'near the clod
To turn the keenness of the share,
For flight is ever free and rare;
But heroes they the soil who've trod.
Not they who soar.

—Dorothy Proctor, '17.

WAR

The men crouch low in their trenches, all sticky with mud and clay,
While overhead the whirring shells go whining on their way.
They hear the roar of the sixteen-inch, the crack of the seventy-fives,
and the angry buzz of the Maxims, like bees about their hives.

And now the noise increases to one great deafening roar,
The earth rocks, sways and crumbles as 'twere struck by the hammer of Thor.
'Tis the final preparation, one last great burst of hate,
In a minute more, these crouching men will be charging to their fate.

The noise has stopped; the whistles sound; the men spring up with glee,
For across that narrow stretch of land their enemies they see.
One springs upon the parapet and falls with shuddering moan
But does this deter the others? Fear from their breasts has flown.

Like small black ants they clamber out, a cheer upon their lips.
A moment more and with the foe they will have closed in grips.
Some stagger, others fall, but still the rest go on:
Now have they reached the barbed wire with but half their number gone.

They're through; and now with curse and yell they spring upon the foe,
With rasping clang of bayonets they give back blow for blow.
And now the line sways forward and now the line sways back,
But never, never anywhere is courage found to lack.

But slowly, slowly comes a change, the enemy gives ground,
And forward crowd the brave men and let the cheering sound.
At last the trench is taken, the enemy all slain;
The weary men look round and see this field of death and pain.

Their hearts are filled with sorrow for friends and comrades gone;
Their hearts are filled with sorrow as they gaze on blasted braun;
But their hearts are filled with gladness when they think of victory won,
And they know their country honors them for that which they have done.

—Ted Nowlin.

A LADIES' PRESENT

It was the week before Christmas and the members of Reader class, with the exception of one little boy, had decided upon what gifts they intended to bestow on Teacher. When little Morris Bailey found out about the gifts for "Teacher", he immediately appealed to his mother, but was met with prompt denial.

"We ain't got no money for to buy nothing," she said sadly. "No money, and your papa all times scared he will get no more."

So Morris was helpless. He could see no way to buy or get a present for his beloved teacher. Oh how he did love her! He loved her more than all the other children put together. And he couldn't give her a present.

The days went by. Soon the great day, the Friday before Christmas, came. Everything was in a turmoil. Doors opened suddenly and softly to admit little people with mysterious parcels which they carefully concealed. A little later they seemed wild with excitement as the time for the exercises to begin drew near. Teacher watched in dumb amazement. Could it be that they had found out about the shrouded something in the corner which was to be a Christmas tree? She never suspected what it was all about.

Little Eva Redmond was the first to lay tribute before Teacher. She brought a candlestick which she said might have cost twenty-five cents but really only cost three for a dime. After the ice was broken, the children filed up one after another to lay their gifts on the astonished Teacher's desk, and to receive their thanks. Cups and saucers, soap, perfume, pen-wipers, a celluloid collar-button, a thimble and a bright silk handkerchief were the gifts.

All this time nothing was to be seen of little Morris. Teacher had noticed during all that week how queerly he had acted; she had treated him as best she knew but it seemed to make him feel worse. He felt that he couldn't face his dear Teacher empty handed when all the other children had something for her. He was not there today and Teacher missed him.

When all the children had laid before Teacher their gifts and the room was somewhat quieter, the door opened softly and Morris slipped in. He went straight to Teacher and laid a timid hand on her arm.

"Say, Teacher," he said, "I got something for you."

His little body showed plainly between his shirt waist buttons and the gashes he called pockets. This was his daily costume. It showed that the house of Bailey did not overflow with funds.

"Now, Morris dear," she said, "You shouldn't have troubled to get me a present. You know we are good friends anyway."

"Teacher, yes ma'am," said Morris. He glanced at the table full of gifts, then said with a tremor in his voice, "I know you got a kind feeling by me and I couldn't tell how I feels by you. It's a feeling I should give you a present. I didn't have no soap and my Mamma she couldn't buy none to the store, but, Teacher I've got something nice for you."

"And what is it, dear?" she asked. "What is my new present?"

"Teacher, it's like this; I don't know what to say. It ain't for boys but for ladies. My papa brought it home to my Mamma and when she saw it she was very glad. She kissed my Papa and my Papa he kissed my Mamma. And I have no soap so I brought you the present."

"But," said Teacher, "Did your Mamma say I could have it?"

"No, ma'am," he answered, "She didn't say yes and she didn't say no. But it's for ladies and I didn't have no soap."

Here Morris opened a hot little hand and disclosed tightly folded pinkish paper. He handed it to her and then fled to his seat. Teacher read it and with tears in her eyes smiled down at him.

Late that night, Teacher sat in her room and reviewed her presents. She thought very much of them all, but above all, she cherished the crumpled and soiled piece of pinkish paper. Morris Bailey's Christmas present for ladies was a receipt for a month's rent for a room on the top floor of a tenement house.

—Catherine Dunn, '20.

ORIOLE

A flash of gold in the sunshine,
A love song is wafted down,
Oriole perched in the woodbine
Sings to his wife of brown,
"I'm true, I'm true."

There swings a nest in the treetops,
Midst the cherries clustering ripe,
And Oriole, rocked in the breezes,
This brave little lilt does pipe,
"Take cheer, take cheer."

—Helen Watson, '17.

AUTUMN

Myriads of glorious color tint the earth with beauty fair;
Trees and grass and herbs and foliage go to death in splendor rare.

Like the passing of some monarch nature heralds summer's fall,
Crowning Autumn queen, in glory; queen of seasons, queen of all.

—Bernice Banks, '17.

OLD OCEAN

Oh, cruel, cruel, ocean,
I know why thy locks are white,
For the young and brave
That have found a grave
In thy cruel arms tonight.

Oh, throb and sigh, old ocean,
Like a broken heart that's sore,
And thy sad refrain
Like a soul in pain
For the lives you can't restore.

I know why, old blue ocean,
Thou art briny as thou art.
Thou hast drunk the tears
For six thousand years
From many a broken heart.

But short will be thy triumph,
For the Christ, our Lord, hath said
That when he shall stand
On the sea and land,
The sea shall give up her dead.
—Ethel Hunter, '17.



We have with us this year only two new teachers, Mr. Singer, our manual training teacher, and our principal, Mr. Steffy. Mr. Steffy is a graduate of Northwestern University and has had several years' experience as principal of the Knoxville High School. He succeeds Mr. Caldwell, who, after being with us for two years, has accepted a position in Chicago.

We welcome our new principal and we hope that he will like Ames.

ASSEMBLIES

There has been a marked change in our assemblies this fall. A different spirit and a new appreciation has been shown both by the students and the faculty, perhaps because the assemblies have been more interesting and because we feel that they have been of great value to us.

Consisting of both speeches from well-known Ames men and several musical programs, the assemblies have been very enjoyable. The ministers of the various churches of Ames including Mr. Hawley, Mr. Nethercutt, Mr. Caul and Mr. Harris, have led us in devotions and then given us some very good advice. On the day that the Girls' Glee Club made its first appearance, Mayor Baker read a paper on "Citizenship". Mrs. Steffy and Mrs. Thompson sang for us one day, and on another day Miss Lang's Orchestra played a few pieces, which was followed by

a talk from Miss Clarke, who told us of the playground work in Chicago. At another time, Mr. Greene accompanied by Miss McClure, sang several songs, which were very much enjoyed by all. At a special assembly one day, Mrs. Hale, state organizer of the W. C. T. U., spoke to us and gave us some very valuable advice.

Mr. and Mrs. Steffy entertained the football boys at 6:00 o'clock dinner Saturday, Nov. 11, after the Ames-Marshalltown game.

A number of new Seniors from other schools entered Ames High this fall. Gertrude Carter came to us from Lake City, Ralph Lewis from Lake Crystal, Minn., Floyd Mabie from Gilbert, Loella Smith from Iowa Falls, Helen Watson from Davenport, and Ward Grogan from Panora.

We are very glad to have them with us and we hope that they will enjoy their work in Ames High.

JUNIOR PARTY

Ten-shun

On one of those moonlight nights of October, just a short time before Hallowe'en, every loyal Junior did as his conscience bade him—masked, stepped out and joined the ghosts, witches, and goblins, who were awaiting him at the gym.

Stepping into the haunted house the trembling victim was met by "The Spirit of Safety" and conducted to the "Room of Horrors". From there he was guided by gypsies to the gym which greatly resembled a cornfield on an ideal Hallowe'en night. In a dark corner surrounded by cornstalks but guarded by ghosts sat a contented Indian maiden (Miss Coskery) telling fortunes which certainly aroused a great deal of excitement.

Altho' they were old games, everyone got a great deal of enjoyment out of "Bobbing" for Apples", and "Giving Hearts Away". At the close, Martha Lesan, dressed as a sailor boy, gave a reading which was enjoyed equally by everyone. Refreshments followed and just ask the Juniors if pumpkin pie isn't good!

PEP MEETINGS

The student body this year, has shown more pep and interest in school activities than usual. Before each game, with only a few exceptions, there has been a very lively pep meeting, although some of them were very short. The yell leaders, Lyle McCarty and Harold Loughran, with the aid of the band on a few occasions, and Mr. Pollard, have been able to arouse the enthusiasm of the students. At several of these meetings we have had the team with us and from the speeches which some of the members gave we discovered some hitherto unknown ora-

torical ability. At each of these meetings Mr. Thompson and Mr. Steffy talked and at one time almost all of the faculty gave us little speeches.

A special pep meeting was held on Friday, Nov. 10, to arouse pep for the Ames-Marshalltown game on Saturday. A number of enthusiastic students presented a short pantomime, in which Miss Victory (Ted Russell) was courted and won by Mr. Ames (Edgar Jacobson) encouraged by Enthusiasm and High School Spirit. Mr. Thompson and Mr. Steffy talked to us and then the football boys also tried their hand at speech making. These together with the vigorous efforts of our yell leaders succeeded in arousing enough spirit so that a large number of rooters went to Marshalltown to see the boys battle for the Orange and the Black. We feel that the interest thus shown has been instrumental in making our football team one of the best in the state, this year.

PEP MEETING FOR SPIRIT

On Wednesday, Nov. 29, the Spirit Staff took charge of the assembly, and presented a very original and pleasing program, for the purpose of gaining subscriptions for the Spirit. The following modern morality play, "The Spirit," written by Ruby Wasser, Dorothy Proctor, Josephine Wilkinson and Vera Crosby, was presented.

CHARACTERS

Every Student.....	Donald Soper
The Spirit	Ione Rice
Loyalty	Ruby Wasser
School Pride	Josephine Wilkinson
Ambition	Lois Slocum
Laziness	George Dunlap
Nobody	Barelay Noble
Good Times	Dorothy Harriman
Every Body	Dorothy Beam
Indifference	Dorothy Proctor

PROLOGUE

Fellow students, for all of you are such,
 Who go to A. H. S. and study much,
 To introduce myself I now will try.
 I am Nobody. Nobody am I.
 For five long months our Spirit's been asleep.
 Nobody's tried to wake her from her slumber deep.
 But tho' Nobody loves this Spirit lying here,
 I must have Every Student's help, I fear.
 I ask your patience for this little play.
 "Let Nobody unkind your judgment sway."
 For Ames High's Spirit will awake to-day
 If Every Student has his chance and way.

Enter Every Student with Laziness, Indifference and Good Times.

Every Student—Did you folks spend your week end at the library writing History reports for Miss Ada Sprague?

Indifference—I didn't care whether I got mine or not. I can't get a good grade anyway. I'll get thru. I'm a senior.

Every Student—What about you, Laziness.

Laziness—Oh, I got mine all right.

Every Student—You got yours? How's that I never knew Laziness to study before.

Laziness—Oh, I copied it out of Ambition's notebook.

Good Times—Well, who's Ambition, anyway? I never heard of her.

Enter Ambition, Loyalty and School Pride.

Laziness—Here she comes now.

Good Times—Why I never saw her before. Where does she live, anyway?

Laziness—Oh, she lives with Nobody. Every Student knows that.

Loyalty—But, Ambition, you ought to take more interest in school activities. Your lessons aren't everything.

School Pride (to Loyalty)—She is all right about her work, but Ambition should help to arouse the Spirit.

Enter Nobody.

Ambition—What's the matter with the Spirit?

Nobody—Nobody knows.

Ambition—Oh, there's Nobody. I am afraid Nobody loves me.

Good Times—Oh, the poor creature. Every Student loves me.

Pride—Don't you know what is the matter with the Spirit, Ambition? Why, she has been asleep since May.

Nobody—Yes, Nobody can wake her until Every Student becomes interested.

Pride—Then let's interest Every Student in the Spirit. Come, Ambition, Every Student needs Ambition.

Loyalty and Pride call—Oh, Every Student!

Indifference to Every Student—Oh, don't go over there.

Laziness—Stick around, we'll show you Good Times. (Points to Good Times.)

Loyalty, Pride and Ambition approach Every Student.

Loyalty—Every Student, we want you to meet Ambition, for together you can arouse the Spirit. You see she is sleeping and Nobody can wake her except you, Every Student.

Every Student—But I don't want to lose Good Times.

Loyalty—You need not. Every Student should have Good

Times and the Spirit will not frown on Good Times. Come, let's wake the Spirit.

Loyalty leads them to where the Spirit lies sleeping.

Sing "The Spirit".

THE SPIRIT

(To the Tune of Mother)

S is for the students that support us,
P is for the pride that they all show,
I is for the interest in our paper,
R is for the royal road we go,
I is for the good and true intentions,
T is for the triumph sure to be,
Put them all together they spell Spirit,
A word that means the world to me.

Indifference and Laziness (laughing)—We knew it couldn't be done.

Every Student—Well then, let's yell.

Yell—Rah, Rah, Rah!

Rah, Rah, Rah!

Rah, Rah, Rah!

The Spirit! The Spirit! The Spirit!

Ambition—Why, she isn't awake yet.

Sing, "Spirits".

SPIRITS

(To the tune of They Made It Twice As Nice As Paradise and They Called It Dixieland.)

Oh, there are spirits gay and spirits dull,
And there're spirits of all kinds.
There are spirits in our hearts and souls,
And they're even in our minds.
At times they make us very glad,
But at times they make us sad,
For the different people have the different spirits,
Tho' we'd rather have them good than bad.
But out of all the good and all the bad,
Out of those who laugh and cry,
There stands out one old spirit that we love,
It's the Spirit of Ames High.
We know that every student'll do his best
To boost along this high school paper toward success,
Then don't you jeer it, but be sure to cheer it,
For it's A. H. S.'s Spirit.

Loyalty—Why, I never supposed Ames High's Spirit was so dead. Let's get the band. It takes the band to arouse Spirit.

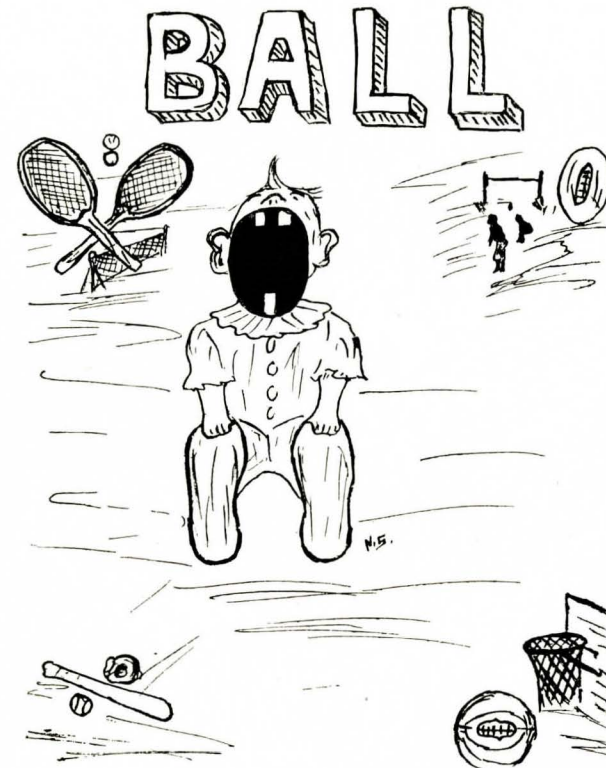
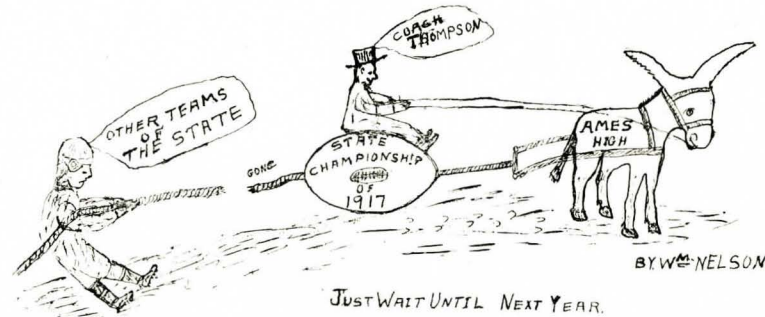
Band,

If you will boost for A. H. S.
 You are the b-e-s-t best
 And we'll love you, love you, love you,
 All the t-i-m-e, time.

If you will b-a-c-k back
 The good old Orange and the Black
 We will love you, love you, love you,
 All the t-i-m-e, time.

The Spirit wakes, rises and dances.
 Enter Nobody, going towards Spirit.
 Nobody—Nobody supports the Spirit.
 Every Student—You are wrong. I will support the Spirit.
 Every Student is now Mr. Subscriber.
 Nobody—And Nobody is non-subscriber.
 All—And what shall we do with Laziness and Indifference?
 Nobody—Nobody shall have Laziness and Indifference.
 All—Where is Everybody?
 Enter Everybody.
 All—Who will work for the Spirit?
 Everybody (stepping forward)—Everybody will work for
 the Spirit.

End.



OUR PROSPECTS AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SEASON

With the graduation of Sloss, Thuresson, Stewart, Pammel, Britton, Kloppenburg, Nowlin, Risley and Swearingen, prospects for a winning 1916 football team looked rather gloomy, but with Crosby, Posegate, Ricketts, Scoville, Dunlap, Grey, Sage, Nowlin, L. Hoon, Steigerwalt and Terry, to fill their places, Coach Thompson turned out one of the classiest football machines which has ever represented A. H. S.

Starting with four old "A" men, a few new ones, and several promising recruits from last year's second string men, Thompson whipped into shape a team which ranked among the best in the state. We won five games and tied two, but we met our "Waterloos" at Fort Dodge and in the game with the Des Moines youngsters.

Handicapped by shorter periods for daily practice, Coach Thompson feels that he was unable to give the boys all the attention and training which they should have had, but a glance at the results of the games played, certainly shows that

he made the most of the time he did have. If we didn't win the state title, we at least smothered the hopes of a few aspiring to the same.

PEP

"Pep" is that property of a school by virtue of which the students tend to show their loyalty, both to their school and their team. "Pep" is the key to a successful football team. Without it a school is dead.

Put these two facts together and you have the Ames High School, for certainly this year, above all others, has witnessed a reformation of spirit and enthusiasm among the backers of the Orange and Black.

With the songs by Lucile Lang, Ruby Wasser, and Dorothy Proctor (with the help of our most worthy yell leaders, "H" and "Hap", and with the martial music of the band, we, of the bleachers, were able to do our part in helping the team bring home the bacon.

Now that we are organized and on our feet, let us make our basketball season as successful and as decisive in results as the football season so recently closed.

THE BAND

Through the efforts of Miss Coffey, and our yell leaders, "H" and "Hap", we were able to organize a first-class band this year.

For the success of the band much credit is due Laverne Buckton and James Likely, former Ames High students, who showed their loyalty to their "Alma Mater" by helping the members in every way possible, both at our games and pep meetings.

Another event, which the band boys certainly appreciated, was the sending of them to Marshalltown by the business men of the town and by the students. When the slogan, "Send the band to Marshalltown" became generally known, all loyal boosters dug down in their jeans and in a very short time the required funds were at hand.

The High School wishes to express its appreciation to the merchants of Ames for their generosity and support.

THE GAMES OF THE SEASON

Ames 0—Algona 0

The Algona boys proved a tough proposition and we had to content ourselves with a 0-0 tie. The team was green, was not organized and was in poor condition. Neither team displayed much football ability and the game was featureless and ragged throughout. Had this game come later on the schedule, Algona might not now be claiming the state title.

Ames 32—Perry 0

With a week's practice to polish up the faults brought out in the Algona game, the team went to Perry with the spirit and determination of "Victory or Bust" and the headliners of this little narrative tell the tale. The team showed considerable improvement over the game of the week before and against the charges of our back field, the Perry line was like so much cotton.

Ames 0—Fort Dodge 6

The Dodgers proved a husky bunch and made off with the large end of a 6-0 victory. But, although the score stands in their favor, they did not, by any means have the superior team, for our warriors met them on equal terms in every stage of the game, and it was nothing but sheer luck that they were able to tally the six points which spelled defeat for us and victory for them.

Ames 27—Eagle Grove 7

As is generally the case in a game with our fond neighbors on the north, this game was marred by frequent displays of rough work. If Eagle Grove entertained any thoughts before the game of duplicating last year's victory, they were destined to disappointment for they were outclassed in every department of the contest and at no time was our goal in danger, except when they scored their lone touchdown. Captain Hoon, Anderson and Sage starred for the locals.

Ames 13—Newton 0

A rainy day and a slippery field perhaps accounts for the low score. Newton had a heavier line and at times held like a stone wall, but by persistently hammering their line we were able to nose out a victory by a 13 point margin.

Ames 16—Cedar Rapids 7

It must have been a sad and disappointed football team that left Ames the evening of Nov. 4th for had not the zenith of all their hopes, the state football championship, been suddenly crushed to earth? And all in one day. It was accomplished by a more efficiently coached team, playing a classier brand of football.

Ideal weather conditions prevailed and a record-breaking crowd turned out to witness one of the classiest high school football games ever played on State Field. Both teams battled like demons, neither one giving an inch that was not earned. But by the brilliant returning of punts by (c) Hoon and Anderson, by our fleet-footed ends Crosby and Dunlap, and by Sage's terrific bombardment of the enemy's line, we were able to make off with the "bacon" and instead of "Ceing Rabbits", we saw the stars of victory.

Ames 0—Marshalltown 0

Although most of this game was played in Marshalltown's territory, the team lacked the punch to put over the winning score. The team was badly crippled by the loss of Sage, who was protested as ineligible by Marshalltown, but nevertheless it played true to form and succeeded in holding the opposition to a scoreless tie.

Ames 12—Boone 0

On account of the slippery condition of the field, this game was slow and peplless. Having the advantage of weight and speed, we should have won by a larger margin but lack of team work and ragged interference accounts for the low score.

Ames 12—North High 14

Outplaying and outgeneraling North in every period of the game, we should have won by a decisive score or at least tied them. But they had the advantage of breaks and nosed out the contest with a 14 to 12 victory. Captain Hoon was injured during the second quarter and was unable to play the remaining half. Anderson, Ricketts and Nowlin showed up well for the locals while Brown and Drew starred for the visitors. This was the closing game of the season and was the second defeat for Ames out of a nine game schedule.

1916 FOOTBALL RECORD

Ames 0	Algona	0
Ames 32	Perry	0
Ames 0	Fort Dodge	6
Ames 27	Eagle Grove	7
Ames 13	Newton	0
Ames 16	Cedar Rapids	7
Ames 0	Marshalltown	0
Ames 12	Boone	0
Ames 12	North High	14
<hr/>		<hr/>
112		34

THE TEAM

Captain Hoon (Q. B.)

"Ruf" has played his last game for A. H. S. and will be keenly missed from the line-up next fall. He played a good, heady game at quarter and developed a long low punt which always kept his opponents guessing.

Nowlin (L. H.)

This was "Shorty's" first year as a defender of the Orange and Black but nevertheless he showed the fight and aggressiveness of a veteran.

L. Hoon (L. H.)

"Less" as "Ruf's" brother, is following in his steps, and in the next three years which he has to play for Ames High should develop into one of the fastest backs in the history of the school. He played a good game at half.

Ricketts (R. H.)

Although handicapped by sickness at the first of the season, Bill was able to play in the last few games and proved himself a tower on defense as well as offense.

Anderson (F. B.)

Joe has two more years to wear the colors of Ames High. He was a brilliant open field runner and adept in picking holes in the line. He was a capable substitute for quarter and with his "Never say die" spirit kept his team mates from losing confidence in themselves when the tide of battle changed for the worse.

Soper (C)

This ends "Soap's" second year on the team and he was one of the most accurate passers that has ever held down the pivot position on an Ames High team. He was always in the game and acquired the habit of picking up fumbles.

Ex-Captain Elliott (L. G.)

"Jake" has yet to meet his equal in the guard position. He was a war-horse on the offensive and through his hard, steady, playing and his ability to open holes for the back field, he was given guard position on the all state team this year.

Terry (R. T.)

Terry's first year on the team proved him to be a good, clean player, a scrappy forward and a deadly tackler. Next year he will prove an important factor in the success of the team.

Dunlap (R. E.)

George came to us from another school and considering the way he has shown up here, it must have been a hard pill for his home team to swallow when they lost him. George was always in the mix and one of the scrappiest players on the team. He displayed his patriotism and fighting qualities in the Eagle Grove game.

Grey (R. G.)

Louie played a steady, consistent game at guard and was always on the alert and waiting for the play to come his way. He often tore through the line and broke up plays which were aimed for the end. He was especially strong at opening holes in the offense.

Steigerwalt (L. T.)

After a year's furlough, "Stagg" decided to come back and fight for "Old Ames High". His weight made him a pillar of strength on the defense, and on the offense the back field was always sure of a gain through his tackle.

Crosby (L. E.)

Crosby made his last year for Ames High his best. He was a deadly tackler, and a whirlwind on running down punts. He played a hard, steady game at end, and was a professional at recovering fumbles.

Posegate (R. G.)

"Little, but Oh, My!" Played a stellar game at guard and was nothing slow as a fullback. He was a battering ram on the offense and a scrapper from start to finish. He has two more years to defend the colors of Ames High, and in this time you will undoubtedly hear great things of "Pecky".

Sage (F. B.)

"Bob" would have been a fair bidder for all state fullback this year if it hadn't been for his being protested as ineligible, for in every game in which he took part he displayed all state caliber. He was a heavy line hitter and a consistent ground gainer.

Scoville (R. G.)

This was Scoville's first year but he always played a hard, clean game whenever the opportunity presented itself.

Lewis (L. H.)

Lack of experience more than anything else was the chief reason for Lewis not performing more than he did, but when given the chance he displayed the speed and line smashing qualities of an all state man.

HONOR "A" MEN

Elliott (Ex-captain)	L. Hoon
Soper	Sage
Dunlap	Cameron
Crosby	Posegate
Anderson	Nowlin
Terry	Ricketts
Steigerwalt	Grey

R. Hoon (captain)

JOKES**SPIRIT SPASMS**

The biggest catch of the season: Harold Crosby's "Pike".

Teacher, gathering in notebooks—"Will, where's your notebook?"
Bill Ricketts—"Why, Miss Fickel has my rings."

A. Sprague in American Hist.—
"Harlan, which way do the rivers in the Ohio Valley flow?"
Harlan Harper—"Down stream."

In physics lab.
Francile W.—"Why won't H. Loughran's watch work better?"

Ione R.—"Why, there's a pretty girl in the case and the hands won't behave."

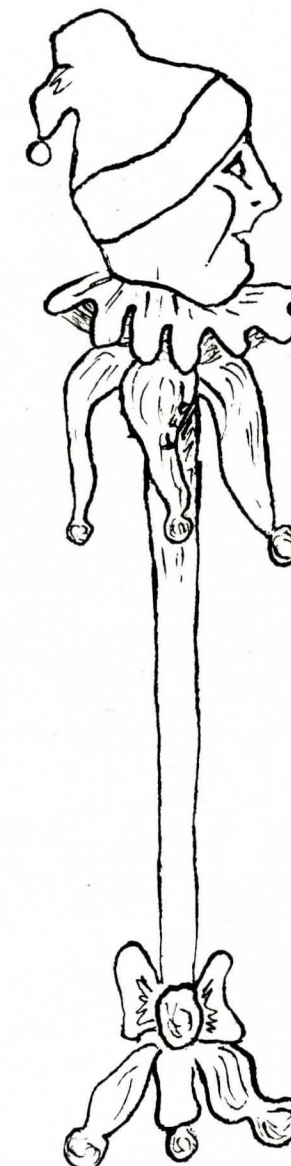
Overheard at an A. H. S. football game. Old lady who had been cheering violently, touched her neighbor on the arm and said: "I beg your pardon, but are you for Ames?" Upon her neighbor's reply in the affirmative: "Well, so am I for Ames. Which ones did they say were the Ames boys now? I've nearly forgotten and I'm afraid I yelled for the wrong ones last time, and I wouldn't yell for the wrong team for anything, for those other boys are really quite inferior, aren't they?"

In discussing a love poem in Senior Eng. class:

Isabel V.—"I don't think this poem expresses much real love."

Ruby W. very quickly—"Oh, I think the love's there all right, but it isn't expressed very well."

Miss Coskery, very cool—"Well, Ruby, it may be that all men do not express their love in the same way."



The latest scandal is that Miss Katherine Allen and Miss Francille Waitley were accosted upon the street by a strange young man who inquired if they were instructors in Ames High School.

Don Soper's philosophy of life.

The only way to be happy after you are married is to find a young girl, go with her steadily, bring her up according to your own ideas, and then marry her.

Miss Thornburg—"Did you ever stop to think what makes you grow?"

Edward Rutherford, with a sigh—"I wonder what it is."

In the window of the Ames Pantorium there is a sign which reads as follows:

DIRTY KIDS
CLEANED HERE

We should advise the Freshmen to go there at once.

MISS FICKEL

Oh, there she sits in all her glory,
About to read an English story,
And if she gives you one cross look,
Glue your eyes to that English book.

MISS ADA SPRAGUE

Not even the smart can fool her
And not even the clever can bluff,
For she is old in the business
And knows all about such stuff.

Results of "Involuntary" Attention Paid by Two Students in Mr. Hicks' "How to Study" Class.

Now honestly, young people,
Why do you go to school?
Is it to play and romp about
And be a lazy fool?

If you should study psychology,
And I hope some day you will,
You'll find the man who doesn't work
Is rolling right down hill.

But you must have attention
And concentration, too,
If you would have me prove
My arguments to you.

Is that not right, young people?
Was what I said not true?
Have I not proven all these points
Successfully to you?

If you do not believe me
Just read a book or two,
There's Jones on "How to Study"
And "Where to Study", too.

And then there's Dr. Sideburns
Whom you should study, too,
If you would have the author's
Psychological point of view.

Was that the bell I heard just now?
Well I declare. Next week
We'll take another chapter,
And I hope you'll be more meek.

You are dismissed, young people,
And before you come again,
Read thoroughly your little book
On to study how and when.

END

Note—(The End of a perfect day.)

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

by Miss Sally Simpers

Knowing the many heart troubles young people are often prone to have, and having had a great deal of experience myself, I am opening this department for giving free advice to the lovelorn pupils of A. H. S. Anyone wishing advice, as have those in the following letters, will please write to me at once, giving full details.

Dear Miss Simpers:

I am a very young girl, but considered quite pretty. It greatly disturbs me to have so many of the boys pay me their attentions. Please tell me how I may still be popular and yet be true to just one?
Dorothy Harriman.

Dear Dorothy:

Forget about them all and go back to the cradle.

My dear Sally Simpers:

Do you think it is proper for a young man, who has formerly possessed a good reputation, to go Ford riding to Nevada with a strange young lady? Also, Miss Simpers, do you think country life would agree with me? Since my ride to Nevada, my friends tell me that I blush very frequently, and that this is a sign that I am in love. Do you think it is probable?

Rufus Hoon.

My dear Mr. Hoon:

Indeed, it is not only improper, but very dangerous, for a young man to go auto riding with a strange young lady. You must be very attractive to obtain the attention of strange young ladies in so sudden a manner, and I am sure that you can find some girls in A. H. S., whom you know, who would be very pleased to have your company and would make much safer friends. As to your blushing, it sounds as though you might be in love, but I cannot tell you definitely until you admit some particular young lady who attracts you. Yes, I think country life would be very desirable for you. Write again if you have any further trouble. I am always glad to help you all I can.

FAMOUS SAYINGS BY FAMOUS PEOPLE

Kath Allen—Oh, kid, did you hear the scandal?
Dorothy Proctor—What, What? What did you say?
Miss Fickel—Let us refer to the dictionary.
Marvin Sogard—I don't know.
Earl Johnson—What's it to you?
Tom Musson—How'd you git that?
Ted Russell—O, I'm ist a dandy ittle talker.
Mr. Steffy—I have a few announcements to make.
Floyd Lerdall—I don't see that.
Harold Crosby—Wait a minute—what was that?
Ina Reins—O it's jist something awful.
Mr. Hicks—Now, honestly, boys and girls, am I wrong?
Miss Johnson—You sure are good food for squirrels.
Vera Crosby—You did?
Miss Ada Sprague—There goes 10%.
Beatrice Olson—I think it's just the rosy limit.
Inez Cretsinger—It's the swellest thing in town.
Isabel Valentine—That's as far as I got.
Miss Boyd—Let's have it absolutely quiet.
Miss Coskery—That's a very pertinent suggestion.
Gifford Terry—There's Miss Johnson.
Lester Moravets—Yes, that's a good idea.

ALUMNI

LAST YEAR'S GRADUTES

Eldon Cox is now attending the University of Iowa. We still notice that he is a loyal supporter of Ames, much to his grief after the Iowa game.

Jack Fairfield is attending school in California.

Hazel Kintzley has now become a famous school teacher. She is trying to transfer her abundant knowledge to the young farmers.

David Ghrist is now supposed to be occupied with his studies at Leland Stanford.

Walter Kloppenburg is teaching a country school at Everly, Iowa.

Lura Gamble is not attending college this year but is enjoying the peaceful solitude of her parents' home.

Mildred Minkler is now private stenographer for Judge Lee.

Lois Russell, our "speedy" typist, is rendering her invaluable assistance to Professor Knapp in the Treasurer's office.

De Vere McNeil is spending his young life shooting horn toads on the Mexican border.

Gladys Sparks, thanks to Miss Boyd, is now employed in a down town office as a stenographer.

Helen Raymond is attending Grinnell college.

The class of '16 is well represented at I. S. C. Out of a class of 58, 31 of them now attend school at Ames. No other high school in the state is so well represented as is Ames High. We do not understand some of the criticisms handed to us, by the "Student". Such alumni as "Bill" Davis, Jock Sloss, "Chick" Heater, "Raymie" Jones and Albert Husted, represented Ames High in athletics this year. The question is, "Why does I. S. C. always give us a knock whenever possible?"

Those who have entered I. S. C. from the class of '16 are as follows:

Donald Beam	Sarah McElyea
Myron Budd	Gladys Ricketts
Dorothy Bowdish	Winifred Raymond
Leah Baker	Ernest Risley
Dwight Britton	Howard Hougland
Jessie Brooks	Harry Thurreson
Warren Canaday	Helen Zenor
Pearl Cameron	Irma Stansbury
Hester Crosby	Lester Swearingen
Mary Ghrist	Tom Sloss
James Likely	Thelma Sealock
Florence Pepper	Doris Wilson

Glen Morris
Dale Pierce
Glen McCannon
Dale McCarty

Roy Stewart
Margaret Lysinger
Edith McDowell

To the Alumni of A. H. S.

The student body of Ames High urges the Alumni to support "The Spirit". Of course, the graduates of Ames High, naturally think more about their college than their "prep" school," but at the same time we think you may be interested in what is going on at Ames High this year. Any suggestions you have to offer, The Spirit will gladly accept. We, the students of Ames High, will appreciate any interest shown in the school.



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